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UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

VOL. X.]

MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, DECEMBER 15TH, 1886.

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University Gazette.

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NOTICE !

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All moneys and communications with reference to the address of papers sent by post, should be directed to Mr. Mackie, Sec.-Treas. to the Board of Directors, Box 1290.

Editorials.

A HOCKEY ASSOCIATION.

We notice with much pleasure that the Hockey Clubs of the Dominion have formed themselves into an Association resembling that of the Lacrosse Clubs. Such an Association, if carefully conducted, will greatly foster what may be called "our winter national game." Heretofore, the selection of rules has been arbitrary with clubs or carnival committees, and with all due reference to the latter, we are certain that the game of hockey will profit by its rules being superintended by those whose delight it is, and who are thoroughly acquainted with it.

McGill, the oldest hockey club in and around Montreal, if not in the Dominion, has entered this Association, and if the committee who will have the arrangement of the matches will but consider our peculiar circumstances, the new era will be a satisfactory one. The Lacrosse Clubs have found that they have too long a season, and that the men are almost overtrained, and their employers certainly put about. This is due to the method of playing matches, and the number of clubs entered. The football matches, being between fewer teams, are carried to a successful issue, and so also will the Hockey competitions, if the Association looks the facts in the face and tries to prepare for them. McGill must of necessity have a short season. Men cannot be expected to play during examination time, and examinations take place just after the opening and closing of the Hockey season.

For this reason the matches should take place close upon one another, and the number of competing clubs must be limited. Let there be a senior and junior championship, the former open at present to all clubs that possess carnival or champion cups, and hereafter to all clubs that have held a junior championship. Thus we shall find the pioneer clubs of McGill, Victoria, Montreal and the Crystal pitted against each other, and the Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto and new clubs entered for the junior championship. Or, to enable Quebec and Ottawa to be eligible for the senior competition, of which honor their playing has shown them worthy, there might be a time rating. It is obviously unfair to clubs of known standing to force them to face every new club that may be organized, no matter whether its men have never before handled a hockey

stick. Let such clubs prove themselves good metal, and it will not be long before they find their merited situation.

The McGill Hockey Club starts this year under new circumstances. It is scarcely to be expected that its team can be composed of such scientific players as it had last year, but certainly its record cannot be worse. What McGill wants, and *must have*, is a few light, agile, swift skaters, and a preponderance of heavy, long-armed, stout-limbed fellows, such as were Jack Elder, Low and Green, in the days when the carnival cup was brought home in triumph to "McGill's classic halls."

Poetry.

A BACHELOR'S PLAINT.

"Come, curl yourself upon the rug,
My Carlo, at your master's side.
Can any others be so snug
As you and I this Christmas tide?

"'Twere better in that chair should sit
A loving and devoted wife!
Carlo, you lack your usual wit,
There is not such a thing in life.

"I've looked in many a pair of eyes,
But always turn to yours again,
They never yet have glanced forth lies,
Or gloried when they saw my pain.

"Of honeyed words I've had my share,
But dearer is your bark to me,
For lurks no harsh deception there:
It has the ring of honesty.

"I never sought to build a nest
In any woman's heart save one—
What is always for the best,
What's done can never be undone.

"For winning love I was not made,
I could not veer with every whim,
So here with you, my sole comrade,
I sit and read my eyesight dim.

"Unhappy? Carlo, I would scorn
With you alive that word to name;
There will be one my death to mourn.
What lover lives dare say the same?"

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

[The author holds himself in no way responsible for the words of his bachelor friend.]

Contributions.

A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

CHAP. V.

"You see a yelling, panting pack,
Tear o'er the ice, and poke and whack,
And knock some fellow on his back—
This is a hockey match." —*McGill Song.*

The ball, or puck, as it is called, was faced, and our facer, a cool Science man, named Timkins, got it and sent it flying to our left-wing, who dashed off

with it towards the Victorias' goal, amid cheers from the McGill men on the platform.

"Go it, Timkins," screamed an excited theolog., who, realizing a moment afterwards that he had committed a breach of decorum, assumed a most contrite and pious look.

"Now, forwards," "Lam them, boys," "Sit on their necks," and such-like terms, encouraged Timkins to such an extent that he became careless, and, after running into the solid form of Charley Smithson, rebounded against the side of the rink, and lay sprawling upon the ice. He was game, however, and, though down, managed to sweep the puck to the centre forward, who passed it on, and a few moments later McGill took a close shot for goal. The ball was brought out and faced, and this time Victorias got it and sent it towards our goal. Clooney quickly returned it, and thus for some time the game went on, the puck now near one goal, now near the other, but never in dangerous proximity to either. It soon became apparent that the teams were about evenly matched, and that the stayers would win. Charley Smithson was playing half-back, a position which he did not usually hold, but taken probably with a view to getting his tuque. He was one of those men who can play anywhere, and so determined were his rushes that he became an especial object of attention from our side. In those days, we played nine men to a-side, and not seven, as now, so that it was a most difficult matter for one man to get as far as "point." Long shots and combined attacks were most indulged in. Clooney was playing point for our side, that is, the goal-minder was the only man between him and the goal, and had not yet come into contact with Smithson. I was a little afraid what that conflict would result in when it came, for I knew that under Clooney's quiet demeanour there simmered a lake of fire, and I also knew that Smithson, if fate willed them to be foes, was a "foeman worthy of his steel."

Still the battle raged. Jim Coward and Andy Barber, for the Vics., were continually worming their way through our men, and tobying the puck from one to another. Yet, somehow, this dangerous combination always lost the ball at the decisive moment, and it went flying swiftly towards the Victorias' goal behind Tomkins' stick, or that of some other McGill man. Hockey is, perhaps, the most fatiguing of all games, and soon the forwards of both sides fell off a little. A little only, but enough to let individual play begin and work for the points commence. The men were nearly all bunched around the puck at the Victorias' goal, and between our goal-minder and the puck Clooney stood almost alone. Suddenly there was a quick motion in the throng of players. A little black object slid from under their feet for a few yards, and around the edge of the crowd, like a thunder-bolt, came Charley Smithson. He had the puck in an instant, and, amid shouts of men and the flutter of white handkerchiefs, he sped across the intervening space between himself and our goal, with the rest of the players straining at his heels. It was in vain that our half-backs, who, as in duty bound were near the forwards, tried to head him off. All hope, beyond

that in our goal-minder, was centered in Clooney. The decisive moment had arrived, and, ignoring the shouts of friendly warning, he started forward to meet Smithson. Everything took place in half-a-minute or less, yet there had been time for the audience to shout itself hoarse, and then become perfectly silent, as the two captains were about to meet. Careless of Clooney's presence, and seeing only the goal, Smithson skated on, and ran full into Clooney. At the same time he turned very slightly to make his shot for the goal, and this turn was fatal for him. Clooney met him with his shoulder, and, though thrown several feet back by the encounter, succeeded in upsetting Smithson altogether and flinging him heavily upon the ice. The puck, meanwhile, had slid aimlessly on, and was easily stopped and returned by our goal-keeper. The return followed so quickly upon the encounter that the mass of the players had not time to stop and turn before it struck the side and rebounded past them. Clooney saw and seized his opportunity, darted through the skaters, and repeated for Victorias the act of Charley Smithson. He was followed up by Timkins, and instead of trying to pass the Victorias' point with the puck, he sent it to Timkins, passed the point, and receiving the puck again, lifted it neatly into the air, and hurled it through the Victorias' goal. Half-time was almost immediately called, and the McGill men thronged out upon the ice to congratulate and encourage our men for the work they had done and were to do.

During the second half-hour luck did not alter. Charley and Clooney came oftener into contact, but the McGill goal remained unpassed. If Charley had played a team game, he might have succeeded in getting the ball through, that is, by passing it, for the decisive shot, to some one else; but, though his tuque was forfeited, he still desired to win the game. I must confess that though Clooney defeated Smithson in the one particular, neither could claim to have had the advantage of the other when the match was over. Smithson carried his arm in a sling for a couple of days after the match, and Clooney used to waken me up at most unconscionable hours to put a wet cloth on his wounds, or rub arnica on them. Once, after rubbing away vigorously for half-an-hour, and taking a grim pleasure in hearing him groan, I found the lotion I had been using was not arnica, but Lemon Syrup. Clooney held a faculty meeting and suspended me after this, and cured himself.

Time passed. It's a way time has—as Artemus Ward says—and brought us into the Sessional Examinations. Do what I would, I never could get an opportunity to introduce Clooney to Miss Mayflower. In fact, I scarcely dared to try. From some words the young lady had dropped in the course of a conversation I had with her shortly after the match, I gathered that she had not forgiven Clooney for the toss he gave Charley Smithson. Charley had, of course, and he and Clooney were quite good friends, although I knew that Clooney felt more than a twinge of jealousy now and again. Charley and I became very intimate also, and the bright, young business man would often run in on us for an evening's fun.

It was not until Charley let slip just enough to convince us that he did not care for Miss Mayflower, and did care for some one else, that we took him to our arms as a gentleman and a brother.

Clooney had been very mournful for some time, and I feared that he was contemplating suicide or poetry, I did not know which. It may have been a novel that engaged his thoughts, for now and then scraps would drop out of his note book that bore strange and mysterious sentences.

The Sessional Examinations came and passed, and we succeeded, though with difficulty, in following their example as to the latter. There were several subjects that gave us great anxiety. Mathematics has ever been my "black animal," to use a French-Anglicism; I could run up a column of figures with any man, and give him odds in bringing out a different result every time. But as I got a good third-class, I did not grumble. In physics I got on better, and would have got the prize, only that in describing an optical experiment I forgot to light the candle I was suppositiously using, a neglect of great importance to the accuracy of the work—"in fact, one of the essential points of the experiment," as the professor afterwards confidentially assured me. Clooney couldn't get the hang of his Greek, but crawled through his examination by the judicious introduction of a few remarks on irregular verbs.

As is usual at McGill, the students celebrated Convocation Day by attending the theatre in a body, with the intention of serenading the professors afterwards. In those days McGill seemed better organized, and both at Convocation and theatre the humour and songs were apropos and well received. We were preceded by a gigantic Medical, carrying our standard, a battered mortar-board and a tattered gown on a pole, and woe to the bobby that dared to lay sacrilegious hands on either man or standard. He was picked off his feet before he could express his surprise, and passed along over the heads of the crowd like a log of wood, and dumped on the ground, in our wake, limp and breathless. Of course, the city was a little wilder in those days, and tolerated what would now bring the whole force of police and letter-writers upon us. We left the theatre at about twelve o'clock, and proceeded to serenade our professors. One of them was a timid, old bachelor, and after waking him with unearthly wails, we greeted his nervous appearance at the bedroom window with "Bye, baby, bye, oh!" and our old friend, Cutler, who, though usually temperate, had been celebrating his promotion to the senior year, cried out to him—

"Say, old feller (hic), hope you'll be married next session."

The window went down with a bang, and after plugging the keyhole with putty, we passed on. Most of the professors received us well, and were well treated in return.

It was about two o'clock when Clooney and I were once more homeward-bound along Sherbrooke street. Except for us, the street was deserted. We were passing a private house when Clooney stumbled over something lying on the sidewalk, and stooped to examine it. It was a short crowbar.

"This is funny," he said to me. "What is this bar doing here? It looks like a jimmy."

"We had, perhaps, better look round and see if any of these houses have been visited," I replied.

Without considering an instant, Clooney jumped over the low fence of the house, and approached the basement window. A slight push forced it open.

"Something is up," he whispered to me, excitedly. "People don't leave their windows like this. Shall we waken up the folks?"

"Well, no," I said, after some hesitation, "it may have been simple carelessness on the part of the household, and if we disturb them we may get more kicks than halfpence. We might wait a little while in concealment to see if our friends, the burglars, come out, or one might watch while the other gets a policeman. He would be authorized in wakening up the folks."

(To be continued.)

MENTAL SLAVERY AND MENTAL FREEDOM.

III.

Mental emancipation must be an individual's own work; it is a liberty not to be achieved by one human being for another, by the many for the individual, and still less by the individual for the multitude. It is not a work to be commenced by convening great meetings; no banners, drums, or trumpets can herald its advance in the world. It is a work of internal liberation. Mental freedom is not the mere casting off with scorn what others venerate. It does not consist in the simple belief or rejection of any tenet or dogma whatsoever; it depends on the principle upon which that rejection or reception is formed—upon a sincere and heartfelt love of truth animating the breast in every intellectual enquiry. There are those who think themselves mentally free because they are very liberal in their censures upon others; looking down with scorn upon this as a prejudice, and that as an error, when, perhaps, there may be, at the same time, a large accumulation of gross and pernicious matter pressing heavily upon their own mental faculties, rendering them more enslaved than others at the very period when they are boasting of their perfect liberty. It consists not in the adoption of any form of bold language; for "free speaking," in the common sense of the word, is by no means a sure indication of "free thinking." There are many to whom we might well apply the language of Crabbe—

"They talk their minds; we wish they'd mind their talk."

A deep and lasting love of truth is the first and most vital condition of intellectual liberty—a principle which leads its possessor to care little with whom he may agree or differ in opinion, in what his mind receives or rejects, but which simply takes truth for its guiding-star, and follows its course, without any desire of pomp or show, in any path whatsoever into which it may lead. But combined with this love of truth there must also be constant diligence, which, in fact, is the test of a love of truth. Little of love has he who makes no effort for its attainment, or who is

ever satisfied with any point at which he may have arrived. Freedom without this! Why, mind is wanting to make up the completeness of the definition. There must be mind as well as liberty to form the conjunction, mental freedom. Without earnest diligence and toil in the acquisition of knowledge, freedom is but as the liberty of a straw, to show which way the wind is blowing it; but when there is this conjunction, then the noblest boon is conferred upon society, and the highest privilege enjoyed by the individual.

I have endeavoured to work out a specimen of mental slavery. It was necessary to place the picture in strong relief—although, I trust, it was not untruly painted—and thus to show, even in a conspicuous teacher, a man so celebrated as a moralist as Dr. Johnson, the characteristics of mental slavery. If I were to select an instance of an extraordinary intellect—extraordinary for its freedom—I know of no name in literary history to which I should more readily point than that of John Milton, because his writings and course of life are very generally known. The whole career of that great man, his entire intellectual life, seems to me to consist in successive assertions of his mental freedom. Take him at the very commencement of his course in life, and we find him a youth at college, aspiring to the rank of a religious teacher, and regarding that as the noblest and most serviceable work in which he could be engaged. Yet, this ingenuous youth said to himself, "I will not subscribe 'slave!' Dear as those prospects are to my heart, and singular as my conduct may appear when viewed in contrast with the practice of others, yet here will I take my stand; my conscience is my own, and I will not allow it to bend down before the mandates of bishops, councils, or churches." Milton saw the beauty of poetic composition; he felt his own power of embodying, even in the dramatic form, lessons of divine philosophy, which should charm the listening ear. He produced—no doubt to the honour and aversion of his Puritanical friends and connexions—his *Masque of Comus*, to tell to after ages, that whilst those about him were endeavouring to overwhelm all that was graceful and beautiful in the amusements and enjoyments of the people, he, in his own freedom of thought, burst through their prejudices, triumphed over other difficulties and obstacles, and embodied practically his own sense of the worth of beauty and the grace of humanity, as well as the value of religious freedom and the rights of conscience.

The freedom of the press, as the best security for intellectual liberty in individuals, was one of the points which Milton endeavoured to establish. While a strong mind may work its own way, there can be no doubt of its being affected, and that powerfully, by the mental atmosphere of the region in which it dwells. That is formed by the press, and the object of Milton's *Areopagitica* was to show that no such obstacle as that of a censor or licenser ought to interfere between the speculations of the author and the attention of the world. In one part of that work he says:—

"As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who

destroys a good book, kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Milton pleaded in vain to "the lords and commons," then under sectarian influence. Notwithstanding his mighty protest, they sanctioned the censorship. But, perhaps, a more remarkable triumph than that of convincing the legislature was in store for him; for it is recorded that, at no very great distance of time, the influence of his *Areopagitica* was such as to convince the very licenser himself, and cause him to throw up his functions, declaring that he would no longer be concerned in a work so mischievous and wicked—he retired from his situation for very shame. Perhaps, under the circumstances, as a successor was not appointed, to the many laurels Milton won as the poet of *Paradise Lost* and defender of the people of England, must be added that of being practically the abolisher of the censorship of the press.

Together with the works which should more and more abound, in a country enjoying a free press, it is also desirable, as an external means of cherishing mental freedom, that there should be an opportunity for practical observation to a greater extent than is commonly found. We are divided too much into classes—marked and ticketed. There are several descriptions of mind: such as a working-class mind, a trading-class mind, an aristocratical mind, a literary mind, and a clerical mind. Men's minds are judged as you look at the uniform worn by a soldier to ascertain to what regiment he belongs, and under what captain he serves; and you forthwith are led into the man's thoughts, opinions, motives, and purposes. Thought will never be what the interest of nature requires until this practice is, in some measure, broken down, and we use the best means within our reach, and familiarise ourselves with the feelings of those who belong to other classes, trace their modes of thought, ascertain the principles upon which their characters are formed, have somewhat of a metempsychosis with them, by which our minds pass into theirs, as we hope theirs would into ours, eliciting thereby more of the common principles of the universal human mind.

Mental liberty tends to the advancement of every other kind of freedom. The mind, once accustomed to test things by truth, reality, and utility, will not easily bend before any conventionalism, however long it may have been consecrated. It will be for putting these old productions into the crucible, for the purpose of seeing of what metal they are made, and separating the gold from the dross. As this disposition spreads, the people are on the high road towards the reform of whatever is oppressive in their institutions, and the formation of such as are free. It is from within that the power ever comes. Look at some of the poorest, as they seem, of nature's productions. Mark how the shell-fish renews its coat of mail, its means of defence; it is from within, not from without. In the same way the human mind derives its strength and defence. But although it

originates within, it does not stop there, but develops itself externally, producing visible results, which the world may contemplate. Any great number of well-trained, boldly-exercised, truth-speaking minds, would soon compel reform in any institutions which derived their chief strength from the prejudices or interests of privileged classes. Here is the worth of general education, of such a training as gives the intellect a chance, stimulates it to freedom, and administers wholesome and sound nutriment whereon to feed.

Such is my faith in the power of mental freedom, that I regard its promotion as the worthiest object to which the continuous labours of a life can be directed. Whatever my opinions may be, either theologically or politically, there is one thing which I prize more dearly, and would labour with greater earnestness for its promotion in the world—and that is, mental freedom. In claiming freedom of thought and speech, I am not demanding for myself that which I would not willingly—I will not say *concede* to others; for it is what I call upon every one to assert and enjoy for themselves. I am anxious that they should *think*; comparatively, I do not care whether they come to the same opinions as I do, or to views diametrically opposite: I care not for opinions; my sympathy is less for any opinion whatever, however long or firmly I may have held it, than for the freedom which gives to opinions their individuality, worth, and power in the mind, and there makes them the elements of good in social life. This is the right which I would encourage all to exercise, comparatively regardless of consequences, so that I should stir up the honest love of liberty and truth. I feel no danger in such a mental freedom, and apprehend no evil results from its exercise, for I believe that the course of the human mind is like that of the eagle, and that, when unshackled by restraint, and undeceived by appearances, it fixes an undazzled eye, and soars with an untiring wing, towards the great orb of truth.

—H. M.

AN UNLUCKY WOOER.

BY "CRANK."

Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

"No, sir, you cannot marry my daughter. I have said that she shall marry no one who is not a chemist."

So spake professor Junebug to young Charley Simkins, who had just declared, in regulation style, his undying love for Minnie Junebug, the motherless daughter of the professor, and her deathless affection for him. Professor Junebug set it down somewhat differently in his notebook that evening, treating the case as a scientific phenomenon. The entry was thus: "Strange affinity.—The molecule C. S. being brought into the presence of M. J., they develop a strong attraction for each other, resulting in the desire of the M. J. molecule to desert the Prof. J. crystal and unite with the C. S. molecule. Result by law of physics, coolness in the P. J. B. crystal, and great warmth and energy in the C. S. and M. J. molecules. Influence

of C. S. not yet strong enough to decompose the P. J. and M. J. compound."

"But, professor Junebug, if that is your sole objection, I will become a chemist," said Charley.

"So be it," replied the professor. "Become a chemist and do something great, and I will consider your request. I give you two years."

Charlie took professor Junebug at his word. In two years his name was widely known throughout the civilized world as that of an eminent chemist. He had made himself famous by a paper showing conclusively that the primordial protoplasmic globule could be chemically prepared in the laboratory and endowed with life by means of 6,000 Grove batteries "arranged in series." He had not actually prepared this globule, nor had any one else after this method. Indeed, one man said he had followed every direction carefully and no amoeba had resulted; but Charley satisfactorily demolished this agnostic in the eyes of Tyndalites and Huxleyists by replying that "if the method hadn't produced living matter it ought to have."

Triumphantly he sought professor Junebug, and demanded Minnie. But the professor demurred.

"You must spend some time in my laboratory, first," he said, "and then you may have her. He who will share my daughter with me must also partake of my labours."

Charley sighed. At this rate he would win the beautiful Minnie when both were gray-haired.

Professor Junebug, like his namesake, had a hard case, but Charley's sigh pierced into the soft nature below.

"My lad," he said, "I will do better than that. The properties of Nitrogen Chloride are not well known. Come and live with me, and as soon as you have prepared a good monograph on this explosive, settling disputed points, you shall have Minnie." Then he added thoughtfully, "that is, if you are not too much crippled."

Charley seized the offer eagerly. Was he not to dwell with his inamorata, and would she not nurse him through all his accidents? So he came to live with the professor.

A shed some distance from the house was fitted up as a laboratory, and he set to work. He inserted a large flask containing chlorine over a vessel full of a solution of sal ammoniac, and collected the oily drops that resulted in leaden dishes. Taking one carefully he touched the Chloride with a feather dipped in turpentine.

When restored to consciousness, and after his left arm had been replaced in its socket, he wrote with a hand trembling with joy the first memorandum of his work: "Nitrogen Chloride explodes when touched with a feather dipped in turpentine."

A few days later, when about once more, he tried the effect of heat upon the substance.

This time he went through the roof and was rescued with some difficulty from the bough of a tree standing about a hundred yards from the laboratory. The only result of this experiment was that his scalp was permanently twisted half way round, and his appearance consequently caused considerable comment, as the parting in his hair ran from ear to ear.

Professor Junebug had the roof repaired at his own expense.

The memorandum of this experiment read: "The projectile force of this explosive is considerable, and the peculiar effect upon my scalp shows that the explosion imparts a gyratory motion to the projectile."

It now became necessary to examine the chloride optically. This experiment was very successful, Charley losing only two finger nails over it. The nails had finger attachments. About this time, the news of Charley's researches having spread, the neighbours went to the sea-side and nine doctors moved in. They send schedules of wholesale rates to the professor.

During all this time poor Minnie was naturally anxious, but she was her father's child, and looked upon a slight accident in the cause of science as of little importance. She was beginning to think that, in spite of all his effort to rise, Charley was a little flighty. But she considered the provocation and forgave him.

Charley next had to investigate the effects of the Chloride upon the animal economy. He knew the effects of an external application, and was now desirous of discovering the result of an internal dose. He had a grudge against the professor's cat and, enticing her into his laboratory, gave her a few drops of the Chloride. He had previously neutralized one property of the Chloride, that of spontaneous combustion in presence of organic matter, so that the cat did not disappear in a cloud of fur. After a reasonable time had elapsed without any result, he let the cat go, and she returned to the house. As was her custom of an afternoon, she got into the professor's easy chair, and the professor accidentally sat upon her after he came in from lectures.

A couple of carpenters sawed him out of the ceiling, after some trouble, but the cat and chair had vanished as completely as the 'wonderful one-hoss shay.' Charley patiently swept up the dust in that room for some days after, but on the whole, his *post mortem* examination of the cat was unsatisfactory.

The professor excused him from further labours in that line.

Charley, meanwhile, had not been idle indoors. He had learned something from the Chloride of Nitrogen and made love with considerable warmth. Minnie pitied him in the position in which he was, and at last consented to elope with him at the end of the week. This near realization of his hopes made Charley a little careless in his experiments; and the result was, that on making an examination of the specific gravity of the fluid, which he found to be nearly 1.653, it exploded once more, and blew his left boot and stocking into the next county. Very carelessly, he had neglected to take his foot and leg out of said articles of attire. He regretted this, for though the whole nine physicians devoted themselves to him, he was unable to elope that week. However, he got an artificial leg, and went on with his experiments.

Minnie sought her father's study and besought him to accept Charley's apprenticeship as sufficient. But he was inexorable.

"My dear child," he replied, "the discoverer of this

body lost an eye and three fingers through it, and Faraday and Sir Humphrey Davy were also severely injured in investigating its properties. The day when your lover goes, or is carried, before the American Association and proclaims, or has proclaimed for him, his discoveries, will be the happiest day of our lives."

The elopement had fallen through, and Charlie set to work doggedly to complete his monograph. One day he was blown through the window of a rather crusty old fellow, who felt considerably offended at the intrusion, but, as Charlie gave him the hand of fellowship, he could not be more than grumpy over the apology. He returned the hand next morning. It was the left.

An artificial hand was procured, and the work went on. But Charley had lost heart. One day, while holding a tube of the Chloride up to the light, an explosion occurred. When he came to, he was still standing as before, but felt a peculiar coldness about his head. A casual glance into a hand glass showed him that the top of his skull had been blown off. This frightened him for the first time, but, as he saw that his brain was still there, he concluded that he was safe.

Minnie regretted the loss of his cranium, for she had begun to be proud of the part in his hair. No other girl's fellow had it. Still, she consoled herself with the thought that she could unscrew the silver top and read his thoughts whenever she liked.

Charley lost his lungs next. He couldn't breathe for a while after the accident, but one of the neighboring doctors grafted a few pieces of a cow's breathing apparatus in, and he got on fairly well, barring a desire to low occasionally.

Then he lost his other arm and leg, one after the other. Minnie nursed him successfully, but was beginning to be discouraged. She didn't mind devoting part of him to science, but she did want to draw the line now. But the professor was not to be moved.

Then came the grand finale. One day Minnie heard a terrific explosion in Charley's laboratory, and, after waiting for a few minutes, as was her custom, to see if he would land anywhere within sight, she sought the laboratory with some misgivings. There, bending over the apparatus, she saw a figure. It looked a little slimmer and less substantial than Charley, but she recognized him and flung her arms around his neck.

Her arms met over her own bosom, and she shrieked.

"Why, Charley, what is the matter?" she cried; "I can't feel you at all!"

Charley smiled mournfully and replied, "Dear Minnie, that last explosion has blown me into space, and this is my space you see."

Minnie fainted.

THE ABENAQUIS OF SILLERY.

The memoir, of which the following is a translation, refers to the Abenakis Indians of Sillery, and has lately been published in the third volume of the "Collection de Manuscrits," for which we are indebted to the Hon. J. Blanchet, Provincial Secretary. The memoir is of interest, not only as showing the

well-known zeal of the Jesuits for Indian converts, but also for the information which it contains of the Indian tribe, a remnant of which may still be seen at Sillery. The date assigned is 1742, but the signature is not given, although there is little doubt that it is from the pen of one of the heroic fathers:—

"The Abenakis Indians, of Sillery, near Quebec, have only been settled there for a few years. They dwelt formerly amongst the English, but not wishing to become involved in the war, which the greater part of the Indians of New England were carrying on against the English, they left their country to live amongst the French.

They are great hunters, and bring in a large quantity of furs to the French.

They also make large numbers of canoes, which are very well built and in general use, being highly necessary for voyages of peace or war, which could not be made in Canada, otherwise than in canoes.

Their country, which they have left, is extremely fertile, and abounds in corn, in fruit, in game and in wild beasts, and trading is there very remunerative to them, because the English pay out their money with open hand. Sillery, on the contrary, is bereft of all the necessaries of life. Nor is there any good land on which to sow Indian corn, besides which the French sell their goods to the Indians at very high prices. From this it happens that the Abenakis have always suffered from hunger and every kind of misery since they have been at Sillery.

In this way a large number of those who had at first settled there, were obliged to return to their own country when peace had been made between the Indian nations of New England and the English.

Those who remained at Sillery, when they had been instructed in the teaching and the principles of the faith of the Jesuit fathers, embraced Christ. Animated with so much fervour that, not only did they resolve to rather suffer all sorts of inconveniences than to leave the only place where they could receive instruction, but they also undertook to go in search of their relations in their own land that these, too, might share their happiness; and these were so successful that their number has considerably increased. Up to this time about 200 came in three months of last year, and we hope to have settled at Sillery the whole Abenakis nation, which is numerous.

To assist them in their distress the Jesuit fathers have bought a piece of land opposite Sillery, where they will settle them. This land, however, is not yet cleared, and is covered with trees, with high underbrush, and it will cost considerable to clear. The Indians cannot do this work, because amongst them there are few, except the women, who are employed in sowing and gathering the Indian corn, while the men are away hunting.

The same Jesuit fathers, being unable to go to such great expense, felt in duty bound to represent to His Lordship, the Count de Maurepas, the advantages which the French colony would receive from this settlement, and how necessary it is to attach these Indians to the country by clearing the land for them, by furnishing the necessaries of life to the most destitute of them, and that for this purpose it will be

necessary to give them for several years a considerable amount in gifts. This would have a great effect upon the rest of the Abenakis, who are still in New England, who have always been friendly towards the French, and who are much inclined to embrace Christianity after the example of those at Sillery, who do not cease to urge them to come and dwell among them, and who could do so with still greater success, if they could take the presents from the Governor by which they would invite them here.

This would also possibly attract numbers of other Indian nations, that are very numerous in New England, and who are dissatisfied under the English rule, because of the hard treatment which forced them ten or twelve years ago to make war on them.

Besides this, they are all enemies of the Iroquois, and would gladly join the French in the war which they are about to enter on, and they would feel more secure from the insults of these same Iroquois in the French colony than in New England, where the Iroquois frequently attacked them, without the English taking the trouble to defend them."

McGill News.

The medical male quartette sang dove-like melodies at the medical dinner, and are, in the words of a member of the same, "a great success."

At a recent meeting of the class of '87 in Arts, the following motion was passed:—"That the class of '87 in Arts appear after Christmas, in and around the college buildings, in the full Academic Dress of Trencher and Gown." This movement, which has been simmering in Arts and Science for some time, has now come to a point. Other years—"go and do likewise."

Mr. R. B. Henderson, '87, went last week as a representative to Toronto Dinner. On the evening of his departure about thirty of his friends turned up at the college gates, and marched down in full college dress to the C.P.R. station, to give him a 'send-off.' The novelty of the Caps and Gowns attracted much attention on the way through the streets. Mr. J. Kennedy, who was leaving by the same train, also received a cheer.

Societies.

UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

At the meeting of this society held on Friday, November 26th, over forty members were present. The piano was on hand for the first time; and the society owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. N. N. Evans for aiding in the musical part of the programme. The reader of the evening was Mr. Kinghorn. A song was then in order, to the call for which H. M. Patton responded with "Down among the Dead Men," while Evans played the accompaniment. H. Pedley then followed with "My Bonnie"—he sang it very well, though he is a theolog.

Cameron, MacCallum and Quimby successfully

spoke on the affirmative side of "Does Morality Increase with Civilization?" J. Naismith, Pedley and A. W. Walsh, defended the negative. After songs by Kinghorn and Jamieson, Murray read his criticisms. The meeting adjourned to the piano.

Members are requested to turn out in full force on December 1st, as it is the last meeting of the year, and much important business is to be transacted.

The last meeting of the Society for this term was held on Friday, December, 31st. Several business items came up for discussion. The Piano is to be left in the care of the Special Committee. Next term is to be opened by a lecture from Dr. Murray. One of those attempts, too numerous of late, to suspend the constitution, failed.

Mr. Deeks opened the programme with a reading of "Curfew Must not Ring To-night:" his performance was first-class, but the opinion of the society on his subject might be seen in the very frequent "Chestnuts." Mr. A. Childs followed with a recitation of "The Heavy Brigade"—his dramatic action completely veiled his words. Mr. H. Pedley was called from the chair to give a song.

The debate was on the question:—"Is Limited Monarchy the best form of government?" Messrs. Nicholls, Warden and Colby, spoke on the affirmative, and Messrs. Brown, Truell, and Murray on the negative. Mr. Colby's speech was the best of the evening; it showed a great deal of preparation and sound reasoning; it was rather heavy, as it treated the question from an abstract point of view. The affirmative carried their side.

Those who favoured the introduction of a piano are congratulating themselves on the much increased attendance, evidently due to its attraction.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

A meeting of this society was held on Tuesday, 23rd November, in the Donalds Reading Room, twenty-six members being present.

Miss Gairdner was elected Honorary member. The question, "Has Music a greater influence than Painting?" was then discussed. Misses Reid and Squire upholding the affirmative, Misses Evans and Ritchie, the negative. The meeting decided in favour of the negative.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The annual public address by the President, was delivered by Mr. R. C. Smith, in the William Molson Hall, on Friday, the 3rd instant. The attendance, considering the other attractions of the evening, was good, but Mr. Smith's admirable paper, and well-known oratorical powers, deserved a full hall. The platform was occupied by the President, Mr. R. C. Smith, Sir William Dawson, and Messrs. Selkirk Cross, J. R. Murray, A. McGoun, jr., and R. Henderson. Mr. Smith had chosen as his subject "Myths and Morals," but at the suggestion of some of his friends, who feared that the public would not go if they expected a lecture on morals on a week day, dropped the latter part from the title, but not from his address.

He took up numerous ancient myths, shewed the origin and meaning of some, and their application to modern life, causing great amusement by many of his witty inferences and remarks, particularly, perhaps, when he failed to see why so much had been made of Orpheus' musical powers, since rocks may be seen following perambulating musicians about any day in our own streets. Close attention to his remarks was evinced, and all were very much pleased with their evening's instruction and entertainment.

Y.M.C.A. BUILDING MATTERS.

The amount of one thousand dollars, which it was proposed to raise among the students before the holidays, is likely to be reached. The students in Arts and Applied Science, along with the theological students, have subscribed over \$700. The canvass is now being proceeded with among the Medicals, with such success that, at the present time, about \$900 is down on the list. The canvassers have met with a good reception on all sides, and a great degree of willingness to help in obtaining the building has been shown by almost all students hitherto approached. The Building Committee would express their thanks for the very liberal way in which a response has been made. The fact that those for whom the building will be erected, themselves, feel the desirability of its proposed advantages, encourages the Committee to press this scheme more earnestly upon the attention of the public.

The Building Committee is now completed, with the exception of a representative from Applied Science, who will be chosen at the next meeting of the Committee. The Committee consists of fifteen, eleven of whom are students. For the two University men, the Association has been very fortunate in securing two highly respected Professors, Dr. Harrington and Dr. Stewart.

The two business men are Mr. Geo. A. Greene, of Greene & Sons, and Mr. Jas. W. Mills, of Mills & Hutchison. The counsel and co-operation of these four experienced gentlemen will be invaluable to the younger members of the Committee.

The following are the names of the ten students of the Committee: S. R. Brown, Methodist Coll.; John McDougall, B.A., Presbyterian; N. P. Yates, B.A., Diocesan; J. K. Unsworth, B.A., Congregational; Jas. E. Le Rossignol, Arts; J. R. Clouston, O. H. Hubbard, G. G. Campbell, G. M. Campbell, B.A., and D. J. Evans, Medicine.

The Committee will shortly approach the Board of Governors, in order to obtain their co-operation in the scheme, and a site or accommodation for the building. If they meet with the support they hope for, the matter will be laid before the graduates and friends of the University after the New Year, and a vigorous canvass commenced.

The final report of the Building Committee of the Toronto Univ. Coll. Y.M.C.A., was handed in a few days ago. Two years ago the enterprise was begun, and now the Association possesses a handsome building altogether free of debt. The total cost of the building was seven thousand five hundred dollars,

which was provided for by the subscriptions, as follows: Senate, \$1,125; Faculty, \$232; Undergraduates, \$879; Graduates, \$1,384; Friends outside, \$3,244. The furnishing, etc., was given by the ladies of Toronto.

Sporting.

The annual meeting of the McGill University Football Club was held in No. 1 Class Room, on November 25th, Mr. R. E. Palmer, President, in the chair.

After the minutes of the last annual meeting were adopted, the treasurer's and secretary's reports were read and accepted.

The revised constitution, as drawn up on affiliation with the McGill University A. A., was, after a few minor alterations, adopted.

The meeting then proceeded to elect the officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:

President—P. M. Robertson.

Vice-President—C. H. McNutt.

Captain, (1st 15)—A. E. J. Macdonnell.

do (2nd 15)—Ogilvie.

Treasurer—J. E. May.

Secretary—W. J. Hamilton.

COMMITTEE.—Medicine: Messrs. MacLean and Blanchard; Arts—Messrs. Dunlop and Lucas; Science—Drummond and Mattice; Law—H. A. Budden, B.A.

HOCKEY CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Hockey Club was held in the Arts Building on Friday, Dec. 3rd. The officers for the ensuing year were elected. President, J. McCarthy; Secretary-Treasurer, M. Lucas. Committee—Messrs. McNutt, Science; Holden, Arts; and Wylde, Medicine. The meeting adjourned just as last year's secretary-treasurer came on the scene. The president called the meeting to order again to allow of the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting.

Personals.

Jack Elder, Medicine '84, was in town last week, sporting a plug hat. For why? He's married!

Green, Science '82, was in the City last week, attending the Hockey Convention, a delegate from Ottawa.

Cecil B. Smith, Science '84, is now locating the Western Ontario Pacific Extension, from London to Chatham. He gives us taffy, and encloses a dollar. Thanks, Cecil; we are proud of you.

Colin Livingstone, Arts '86, is lecturer in English language and literature, logic, rhetoric, and experimental chemistry, in the Gramercy Park Polytechnic Schools, New York. He has discarded high-water pants.

G. Calder, Arts '85, one of our distinguished grads., is a very prominent citizen of Aylmer, Que. *Inter*

alia, he is Editor of the *Lachute Watchman*, Deputy Prothonotary and Clerk of the Circuit Court, Minister of Finance in the mock parliament, and occasionally teaches school. He is, in fact, the great Pooh-bah of the Ottawa Valley.

Between the Lectures.

A QUEER LOVE SPELL.

In search of knowledge
He went to knowlege,
And there was so busy
He often grew dusy ;
His time was spent wholly
On deep studies wsolly ;
He wouldn't touch liquor
And never would sniquor.
He did his own sewing
And wouldn't go rewing ;
He spent little money
And never was foney ;
His heart was like gneiss
Until one day a gmeiss,
Attractive and puisne,
Just made him go luisne ;
His love was as great
As a bird's for its meat ;
One morning he said,
"Sweet angel, let's waid."
And she told him "Your
Love sickness I'll cour ;
Your heart mustn't ache
Any more for my sache ;
So, as you may guess,
My answer is 'Yuess.'"

H. C. DODGE.

Eyes are not eyes when cigar-smoke makes them water.

A dead give away—The "subject" medical students get at a hospital.

The man who was kicked out of a seaside resort was caught by the under toe.

Size ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard farther than a bed ticking.

When a woman smiles from ear to ear it's mean to say her mouth goes back on her.

When does a farmer act with great rudeness towards his corn? When he pulls its ears.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man—when you get it red hot it loses its temper.

It is curious that when a dog chases his tail, his tail, which is certainly behind, should always keep a little ahead.

Fashion note—"All seams in the waists of street dresses are whaleboned." Those in the waists of stage dresses are backboned.

"My daughter," exclaimed a fashionable mother, "is innocence itself. You can't say anything in her presence that will make her blush."

We are a howling advocate for an equal distribution of wealth. Will Henry George please send around our share of that ten thousand dollars?

A Burlington girl says there is no truth in the saying "Like father, like son." She says she likes the son first rate, but she can't bear the father.

"May I aspire to your hand?" asked a dude of a witty belle, who instantly replied, "You may have the refusal of it, sir, for an indefinite period."

"Papa," said a little five-year old, pointing to a turkey gobbler, strutting around in a neighbor's yard, "ain't that red-nosed chicken got an awful big bustle?"

A scientist has discovered a way to remove mustaches from the lips of ladies. No prudent lady should allow a mustache to stay on her lips more than a few seconds at a time.

That Denver is in an encouraging condition of social advancement, is shown by the remark of a local dancing master, "dancing in the bare feet at balls is no longer considered the correct thing in polite circles in this city."

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she exclaimed. "Don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you."

Old lady (suffering from hiccoughs) to drug clerk—Young—man, I want to—get some liquor—

Clerk (hastily)—Can't do it, madam. You've had enough alrea—

Old lady (frigidly)—Some liquorice.

A COUPLE of visitors from a rural district in the House gallery were trying to pick out their member on the floor. "I can't distinguish him," said one, after a hopeless visual observation. "Of course not," was the honest reply, "he can't even distinguish himself."

Prof. to Junior :—"Were you ever in the earth's shadow?"

Junior.—"No, sir."

Prof.—"Where do you spend your nights?"

The student didn't say, but the class chaffed him all the same.

Manager—What is the meaning of this item for "hardware, \$50," in your expense account?

Travelling man—Let me see. Hardware—hardware. Oh, yes; that is for poker. I thought it better to tone it down a little by generalizing. It isn't well to be too specific about some things.

"Maria, I wish you would keep still," said Brown, trying to write. "Your tongue is like Tennyson's brook, it goes on forever."

"Humph!" answered Mrs. B., indignantly. "I suppose you think that's a joke?"

"Well, I meant it for a sort of a gag."

IN Miss Edith's school, the other day, the reading lesson contained some reference to "a ferocious Gaul," and, desiring to have the expression fully understood, she asked its meaning. There was a moment's silence, when a bright boy arose and responded: "Please, ma'am, it means a terrible lot of cheek."

A cheeky Med. recently asked a theolog: "What

positive proof is there that King David and his son Solomon were tailors?" "I do not know," mildly replied the theolog. His interlocutor answered: "And Solomon mended the breeches which David his father had made."

"Why are we like angels' visits?" asked a pretty girl on a sofa to a bashful sophomore, who was sitting lonesomely on a chair at the other side of the room. "Really," he stammered and blushed, "I must give it up. Why are we?" "Because," she said, "they are few and far between." He destroyed the similarity almost instantly.

It is said of A. McClure, the witty orthodox parson of Malden, that he was obliged to resign his pastorate in the Malden church because he read from the pulpit a notice for a meeting of the ladies exclusively in the vestry thus: "On Wednesday all the old hens in this congregation will meet for the purpose of a general cackle; no rooster will be admitted."

THE LATEST SCANDAL.

Student (to Prof., who is in the habit of reading the morning paper while lecturing): "Would you please repeat the last clause, sir?"

Professor (reading aloud): "The next witness called was Lady Campbell's ser'—oh!—ah!—ah!" "What did you say, sir?"

We may remark that a full class attend these *interesting* lectures.

LORETTA WAS ABOUT RIGHT.

During the earthquake Loretta, Louis Yager's well-known parrot, became alarmed at the din and flew into the street. She lit in the midst of a lot of household goods, where a lady who had just been burned out was bemoaning her loss and crying:

"Oh, this is fearful; this is dreadful."

Loretta appeared to feel that way too, but, owing to her somewhat limited vocabulary, she was not able to express herself with much variety of language. She perched herself on the lady's shoulder and remarked, in a shrill voice that was heard above the roar of the flames and the cries of the firemen: "Oh, oh, oh; this is hell; yes, you bet, this is nearly hell!!!"

The lady immediately parted company with her profane but earnest sympathizer.

THE RELATIONS OF CONNECTICUT AND GEORGIA.

"Is there a gentleman from Georgia in this car?" asked a stranger, thrusting his head through the doorway while the engine was taking on water at the tank.

"I am from Georgia," replied a deep bass voice in the rear.

"Then will you be kind enough to lend me your corkscrew?" There was a roar of laughter and a tinkle of chestnut gongs, through which the deep bass voice rose again:

"Why, certainly! But will you please state first where you are from?"

"Connecticut, sir!"

"Connecticut? Then you must excuse me. I would never see my corkscrew again." This time the roar of laughter was not accompanied by the voice of the chestnut gong. And the deep bass villain, thrusting the cork jerker into his boot top, doubled his legs up under him and sat down with his hand on his hip pocket.

HINTS TO FRESHMEN.

[I purpose, in a series of timely papers, to impart a little necessary instruction to my new friends in the University, upon matters that intimately concern their welfare, remembering, as I do, how I should have appreciated a little of just such information, when I was a freshman myself.]

I.

HOW TO WIN AT POKER.

I consider that any student of two months' standing must be conversant with all the technique of the festive game, and have thus entitled this article advisedly "How to win," which is an accomplishment not so generally known.

I. In the first place, bring your own pack of cards to the board, with the court cards slightly bent longitudinally. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the advantages of this rule.

II. Never go in, when not dealing, unless with a pat hand, or when you have "aged," and then have them of a kind not smaller than jacks.

III. Never discard until you have seen your draw. Then wait till no one is looking, to reject your useless cards.

IV. When dealing, drop an ace on the floor and leave one on the bottom of the pack. If your right-hand player cuts the pack, replace the cards as they were before. The crowd of 'suckers' you are playing with will never know the difference. On the draw, help yourself to your reserve ammunition, telling a funny story meanwhile to distract impertinent attention. If some one is watching you rather closely, pick up the dropped card openly and announce a misdeal.

V. Whenever a friend takes a large jack-pot, say: "By jingo, old man, you're in great luck; let me count that pot." Do so, and when passing over the blue chips, flip one or two up your sleeve. A little practice will make you perfect at this useful device. Do not take more than three chips from one pot. It is not necessary to make a hog of yourself, and if you follow out these rules carefully, you can afford to be generous.

VI. Talk freely about the liberal game you play, trust occasionally, and lend your victims money now and then on "gallateral security."

I have found the above code of rules extremely useful, and can cordially recommend them to any ambitious student. An analytical comment on the system will be forwarded by the author on receipt of five dollars to pay postage.

T. E. GOODWIN.

"THE THREE TRAVELLERS."

BY H. M. PATTON.

Three travellers one gloomy day
Before an Inn by chance were met.
From different lands their ways had come,
To different lands their ways were set.

The Englishman proposed, of course,
They celebrate it, dine together,
The Scot and Yankee both were pleased
So well to pass the cheerless weather.

They held their feast, and when the Scot
Perceived that each had had his fill,
He cautiously proposed that they
Should separately pay their bill.

"By no means so!" the Yankee said,
"I think I'll show a better way!
Whichever bear the oldest name
His footing shall the others pay."

"I'm Alfred Eve," the Briton said
"Older than Eve 'twere hard to be!"
"I'm Adam Brown," the Scot replied,
"'Tis clear that you must pay for me."

The Yankee smiled, a smooth, sad smile,
Just as in "poker" when one's winning,
Slow, from his pocket drew his card,
And there was writ the name—B. Ginning.

* As an Arts student I am supposed to be ignorant of the above, and therefore must explain that the information was obtained through a Medical.

College World.

THE Manitoba Medical College students have organized a football club.

REV. E. D. Eaton was installed as president of Beloit College, at Beloit, Wis., recently, and announced gifts of \$10,000 to the college.

An unknown donor has given \$2000 to the Bursar of University College, Toronto, to found a scholarship in natural sciences to be called the "Daniel Wilson."

PROFESSOR Whitney, of Yale, has been forced to abandon all his classes on account of growing ill-health, but hopes that a winter of rest will bring him around all right.

IN the inter-collegiate football game between Yale and Wesleyan, Yale won by a score of 136 to nothing, beating all previous inter-collegiate football records by fifty points.

REV. DR. William C. Roberts, a graduate of Princeton, Class of '55, and a trustee of the College of New Jersey since 1866, has accepted the Presidency of Lake Forest University, near Chicago.

Frederick Marquand presented Yale College with a \$60,000 building for the use of the Yale Y.M.C.A. This building was dedicated a few weeks ago, and is to be called Dwight Hall, after the President of the college.

THE following college presidents accepted invitations to be present at the Harvard anniversary: Barnard, Columbia; Robinson, Brown; Adams, Cornell; Gilman, John Hopkins; McCosh, Princeton; Dwight, Yale; Seelye, Amherst; Carter, Williams; Capen, Tufts; Pepper, Colby University, and Stuart, University of Virginia.

GENERAL.

Like the Postmaster-General, we are somewhat at a loss to decide upon the proper *status* of the *Bishops' College Medical Gazette*, a sheet published by the students of the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Bishops' College. We are not surprised that it took the Postmaster-General such a long time to decide what this paper really was, for a more nondescript production it would be almost impossible to discover. Among the hundreds of exchanges which we receive from Colleges in every part of our own and other countries, we find nothing to at all compare with this little *Medical Gazette*, except one other little paper from a boys' school in some remote hamlet in the backwoods of New Brunswick. But even the latter has some pretension to literary merit. We did not receive the first number of the *Bishops' Gazette*, but the reason of this we find in the leading editorial of the second number, now before us—the managers of the paper omitted to attach the necessary postage stamp. It is really too bad that the *Medical Gazette* should not be classed as free matter, for as Lot is reported to have said to his wife—"It is but a little one." However, the *Bishops' Gazette* hints that some other paper or papers are unjustly allowed free delivery, and they are going to look this matter up. We hope the directors of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE have not been bribing the post office officials. If they have, they will now most surely be exposed.

The second of the leading articles consists of some remarks, in our opinion in very bad taste, concerning a certain surgical operation which was *not* performed for the first time in the General Hospital, but we presume in some other hospital as far removed from the General as the West is from the East. We imagine no one will be more disgusted at the patent puff contained in this item, than the medical gentlemen themselves whose names are mentioned.

Stale and vulgar puns on Rhea's name take up a large portion of the paper, while points of interrogation, inverted commas and jokes requiring explanation in brackets, are extremely frequent: Indeed, the jokes can be described as nothing less than evidences of hopeless imbecility.

If an institution calling itself a University cannot publish a better paper than the *Bishops' College Medical Gazette*, our advice to the students is to refrain from entering the field of journalism at all, and thus save themselves from ridicule.

THE MCGILL MEDICAL DINNER.

"Rah! rah! rah! and a tiger!"

These sounds, and the gentle strains of "Sleep on thy pillow, sleep on, sleep, sleep on thy," &c., smote on the ears of the neighbouring boarders in the Windsor Hotel, on the night of Thursday, Dec. 2nd, and had, doubtless, a soothing effect in sending them to sleep on their pillows.

The Medicals had turned out, and after performing vivisection on some oysters, and dissection on other viands, as well as experimenting upon the equilibrium of fluids and the inhalation of the fumes of nicotiana tabacum, felt themselves able to tackle the lungs and

administer doses of Nitrogen 4ij, Oxygen liij, mixed, and taken over coffee.

The dinner was excellent. The modest skeleton, with the empty soup plate, found itself repeated on the table. The guests were numerous, and the students, having laid the ghost of footing, most cordial towards one another.

Among the guests were—Sir Wm. Dawson, Sir Donald Smith, Dr. Anderson (American Consul), Richard White, Andrew Robertson, J. S. Hall, junr., M.P.P., Dr. Kennedy (of Bishop's College), and representatives from Sister Faculties and Universities, as well as the professors of our Faculties.

The toasts were numerous, and necessitated the omission of the musical part of the programme shortly after the toasting began. However, when so many good speeches are made as were made that night, it might be said, perhaps, not that the toast-list was too long, but that the time was too short.

After the feasting, letters of regret were read from other invited guests, Sir John A. Macdonald, Lord Lansdowne, Mayor Beaugrand, Hugh McLennan, Dr. Osler, Dr. H. Arnott, Dr. McEachran, J. R. Dougall, W. T. Aikins, R. A. Ramsay, Judge Mackay, J. Hickson, M. H. Gault, Dr. Desrosiers, Dr. Browne, Justice Torrance, G. W. Stephens, Senator Ferrier, and Hon. E. Blake.

"The Queen" and the "Governor-General" were fittingly honoured, and the "Health of the President of the United States" followed. The proposer of this toast, Mr. A. E. Kirkpatrick, foretold a brilliant future for the United States, and stated that in 50 years 180,000,000 people would elect a President, instead of 58,000,000, as at present.

Dr. Anderson (American Consul) replied in a happy way, showing that the President was a true physician, since so many flocked to him for treatment, and endeavouring to secure a medicine of which there was only a small stock. An overdose, strange to say, never killed.

"The Mayor and Corporation" was then proposed by Dr. Roddick, who proved how much united were this body with the medical students. The students not only assisted in laying water-pipes, but added to the fin(e)ances of the city to a certain extent. He hoped that if, as the *Star* says, no one but a Frenchman can again be Mayor, Mr. Beaugrand can be persuaded to accept office ad infinitum.

Mr. Richard White, Acting-Mayor, expressed the Mayor's regret at being absent, and his appreciation of the honour done him.

Mr. Lafleur proposed the toast of "Our University." He said that the growth of the university had been rapid and its scope extended to include four faculties and many branches of learning. Commercial centres are not always bad places for culture; London and Berlin are examples, and Montreal might also be worthy of citation. McGill was known abroad and has entertained bodies of learned men. It has also sent away men to other colleges. Sir Wm. Dawson, in reply, began by expressing Senator Ferrier's regret at being absent. He then went on to say that medicine was at once the oldest and youngest science, papyrus of Egypt predating Abraham, having been found bearing

formulae for cures. Arabia and Greece studied the Egyptian art, but in the middle ages it had sunk very low. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood in 1616, not very long ago. The students should appreciate the studies of to-day. Sir William looked forward to the time when a doctor in one province would be a doctor in all, indeed to a time when graduates of certain colleges would be recognized all over the British empire. There is at present too much "trade unionism" by means of councils scattered over the Dominion. He drew the attention of the students to the fact that in a medical school associated with the university should be men of broad culture, men able to assist the intellect as well as the body, and concluded by telling the students that though he had been asked to speak for the University to-night, he look to them to speak for it at all times.

Mr. J. G. McCarthy in a neat, forcible manner, proposed the toast of "Our Benefactors." Sir Donald Smith, in rising to reply, was loudly applauded. He said that the true benefactors were not those who gave their money, but those who gave their lives and talents to the work of ministering to the sick. The next toast, that of "The Dean and Professors," was proposed by Mr. Metcalfe, and replied to by Drs. Howard, Fenwick, MacDonald and Cameron. Dr. Howard said that the occasion made him feel young again and remember how thirty years ago he too was an undergraduate. If the founders of McGill could revisit it he felt they would be like another Van Winkle, so great has been the change. He hoped to see McGill some day so placed as to be able to endow chairs for men who are willing to resign a lucrative practice for the sake of scientific medicine. The next toast, "Sister Universities," was responded to by Dr. Kennedy, of Bishops; Mr. Galloway, of Toronto; Mr. Philp, of Trinity; Mr. Hay, of the Royal College, Kingston; Mr. Campbell, of Bishops, and by representatives from Laval and Victoria, whose speeches in French were well received.

"Our Hospitals" was proposed by Mr. S. W. Boon, and was responded to by Mr. Andrew Robertson. The toast of "The Graduates," by C. J. Edgar, of the class of '87, was replied to by Dr. Alloway, who showed from statistics how well McGill graduates were appreciated throughout the world. The toast of the class of '87, proposed by Dr. Geo. Ross, was responded to by J. A. Dickson. After the toast of the "Freshmen" had been proposed by Dr. Mills, and responded to in a neat speech by Mr. G. M. Campbell, the assembly united in giving three cheers for the "Ladies" and "The Press" and dispersed, feeling that McGill Medical School had scored another success. The following are the names of the officers of this, one of the most successful dinners McGill has ever seen: Chairman, Wm. Hall, '87; 1st vice-chairman, W. F. Loucks, '87; 2nd vice-chairman, J. H. Bell, B.A., '88; 3rd vice-chairman, W. J. Delaney, '89; committee, J. D. Flagg, '87 (chairman); hon. secretary, T. G. Roddick, M. D.; secretary, W. G. Stewart, B. A., '88; treasurer, W. F. Loucks, '87; R. P. Howard, M. D.; G. P. Girdwood, M. D.; Wm. Gardner, M. D.; T. W. Mills, M. D.; J. C. Cameron, M. D.; E. W. Gemmill, '89; R. E. McKechnie, '90; M. W. Murray, '90; J. H. Bell, B. A., '88.

Correspondence.

TRENCHERS.

Editors University Gazette :—

DEAR SIR:—The fourth year in Arts has decided to wear Trenchers as well as Gowns in and around the college buildings. Now that the proverbially difficult beginning has been made, it is time for the other years to follow. The movement, of which this is the result, is farspread,—not confined to the one year nor to the one faculty. The committee's report on procuring Trenchers is already posted on the board.

But are we to stop here? Now is the time to strike for a College uniform. If Trenchers and Gowns are worn in the buildings—why not to and from? Severity of the climate is urged: the gown is not implicated in this; and as for the Trenchers—how many of us wear felt hats all winter?—and Trenchers are warmer than felt hats.

The Knickerbocker League and wearing of college ribbon are outcomes of the same tendency—to have some distinctive college badge.

Just on account of the wearing of the caps and gowns, how much more effective was the turn-out to send-off Mr. Henderson.

Looked at from whatever side, the public-wearing of our Academic Dress is desirable; and I would call on all the other years in Arts and Science, and every student in either faculty to back up Arts '87.

Yours,

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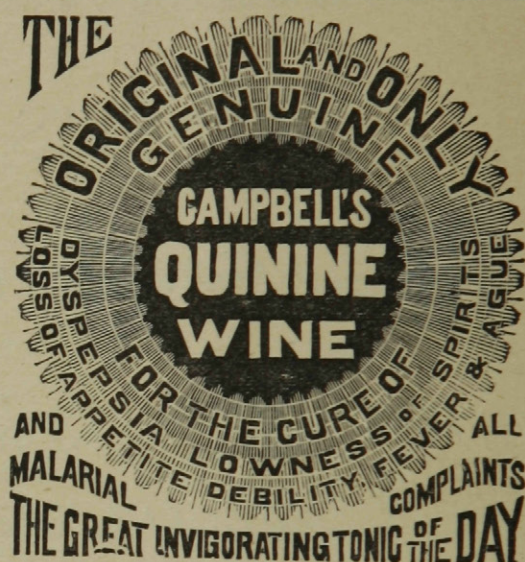
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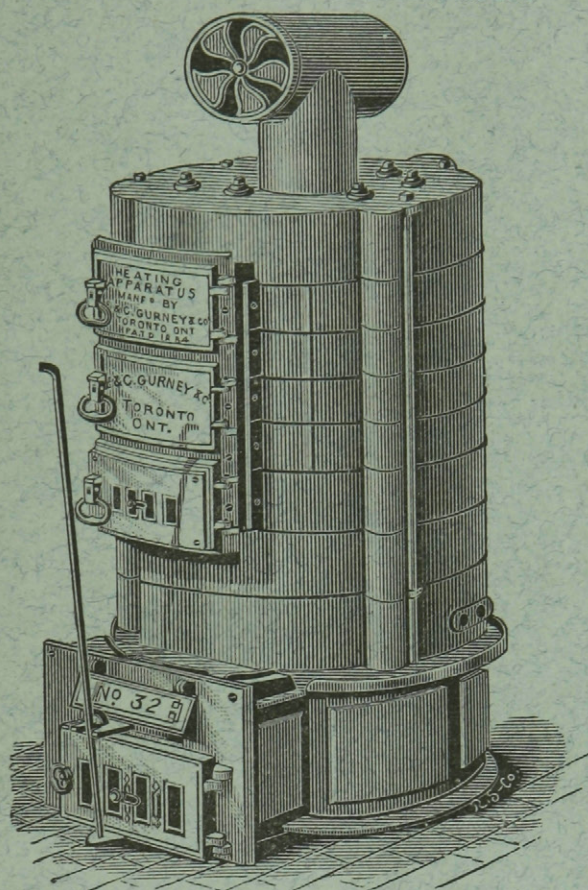
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